

The Letter by RockyG16

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Summary: Steve writes a letter to Jonathan telling him how he feels.
Slash. Steve x Jonathan

The Letter

A:N: I had to bust this fic out because, from what I've read so far, this ship hasn't gotten a lot of attention. This takes place after Steve and Jonathan have that big fight. Instead of Steve going to Jonathan's house to apologize, he writes a letter. I just find letters have just enough intimacy, yet at the same time have this restriction that is resolved when speaking face to face. Mostly canon and some OOC on Steve's part, but we all know he's open to personality changes.

Dear Byers,

How's the face? (No, that's stupid. Besides, he's the one who should be asking me how my face is. Bastard gave me the shinner of the century.) Things got outta hand. I guess I don't react too well when I'm faced with something I don't understand. I am so sorry about what happened to your little brother. I've wanted to say that since the day I found out he was missing. I don't have any siblings, so I guess I'll never really know how you feel. I don't ever want to. I've done things to you, things that when I look back at, never actually made me feel good. I mean, it made my "friends" laugh, which lead to me feeling good, but not at one point did I ever see you looking sad and think, 'hm, this is my new favorite pastime.' I don't blame you if you don't forgive me. Hell, any sane man wouldn't. I just want you to know that I'm a different person. I never written a letter to anyone my age before, so I don't know how real I'm supposed to get here. Somethings just been bothering and I think that's why I wanted to hurt you. When I seen you and Nancy together, I think I was the maddest I've ever been in my whole life. I felt scared, angry, hurt, and betrayed. Not because Nancy was with you, but because you were with Nancy. Don't ask me what that means because I don't know. I just know seeing her touching you made me upset that it wasn't me. I don't know if this makes me a fag now, but stranger things have happened in this town. It makes more sense every time I think about it. I always singled you out, but that might just have been because I wanted to claim you without actually having to say it. I doubt you feel the same way about me. I know you're madly in love with Nancy. I'll be okay. Don't worry about how I feel. Even if you don't forgive me, I know you're still a good person who cares about other people's

feelings. Don't worry about mine though. I don't even worry about mine when it comes to you lately. I just want you to be happy. (God, I sound such like a fag right now) I want to be friends because if we can't be together the way I really want us to, I figure that's the next best thing. I know we're not too much alike, but I figure we gotta have something in common. I guess I'm kinda funny, never had a real conversation with you to tell if you are too. You're strong willed, whereas I'm just figuring out I've been a coward all my life... We probably won't have a lot in common. It'll be great if you made it this far through all my rambling. I am truly sorry for everything I did to you. Just wanted you to know that.

Sincerely your friend, hopefully,

Steve

Steve stared at his messy handwriting wondering if he should give Jonathan the letter. It was personal and probably had been the most time he'd spent with paper. The writing acted as a numbing and distracted his brain. With it gone, the pain in Steve's face returned and he thought about how he got what was coming to him. He couldn't shake his feelings and he decided he had to give Jonathan the letter. Steve thought worse case scenario, he can lie about him writing it.

The drive to Jonathan's house was short. The car parked in front of the wooden house told Steve someone was home. Steve walked to the front door quietly to not notify the teen in the house. Steve placed the envelope down gently on the welcome mat with the face of the letter that reads "To Jonathan." visible. The bruised teen backed up slowly and made his way to his car. As he opened the car door he heard a girl yell.

"Jonathan!" *Nancy?*

Without giving it a second thought, Steve ran into the house and seen Nancy facing a monster, trying to fire an empty gun. Jonathan was on the ground. Steve was terrified, but he acted on instinct and picked up a bat decorated with nails and began to swing at the beast. He dodged the attacks that was thrown back him, then hit the creature so hard that it flew back and stepped into a metal contraption on the floor.

"It's in the trap!" Jonathan yelled. He then threw a lighter on the ground and the teens watched the monster burn in flames. After five seconds, Jonathan killed the fire.

"It has to be dead. It has to be."

"I need some air." Steve stormed out of the house,

"Steve, wait." Nancy called.

Steve had his head resting on the roof of his car. The whole experience was bazzier. He thought he was going crazy, things like that aren't real. Nancy joined Jonathan next to his car and told him she can explain.

Jonathan came out the house last. He saw his name on the envelope then pocketed the letter. He wouldn't read it until he got his brother back.

After the relief settled in that Will was okay, Steve remembered the letter that he left on the Byers' welcome mat. Was it still there? If it was, Steve wanted it back. He didn't know what he was thinking when he wrote that letter. It wasn't his place to drop a load like that on Jonathan.

Steve silently slipped out of the waiting room. He went to the bathroom to wipe the blood off his face before he headed out to leave. Jonathan was just coming out.

"Hey." Jonathan said nervously.

"Hi." Steve was just as tense.

There was a long pause. "I... I read your letter."

Steve's mouth turned into an "o" "I-I, well you see-

"It was nice." Jonathan stared into Steve's eyes. "Thanks."

Jonathan walked past Steve, who stood there stuck. The green-eyed teen made it a few steps before stopping completely. Steve didn't dare

turn around. Jonathan walked back towards Steve and tentatively wrapped both arms around his chest.

"Thank you."

Jonathan walked back into his brother's room. A stupid grin came to life on Steve's face. He looked down in his jeans and realized there was an envelop. It read, "To Steve."

A.N: It's nothing special. Had to write it real quickly because I wanted to see other Jonathan x Steve fics. I noticed people really like their relationship with Nancy in the mix, but I'm not really big on that stuff. Anyway, thanks for reading.